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SHYLOCK HANNA—HE IS BOUND TO HAVE HIS POUND OF FLESH.



#### A POOR SPECIMEN.

FRIEND.—Does your town boast of a base-ball team?

SUBURBANITE.—No. We used to boast of one; but we have to apologize for it now.

#### THE KANSAS WAY.

PROMINENT POPULIST.—How was Limberjaw's speech last night?

SECOND POPULIST (*also prominent*).—It pleased the audience so much that they immediately conferred upon him the title of "Judge."

#### IN DOUBT.

"Are the election returns all in?"  
"Of course. Why?"

"Well, I voted for Protection, Sound Money and Prosperity, and I want to see if the tail of the ticket pulled through."

#### A MAN OF LEISURE.

JOHNNY SQUANCH.—My father is a carpenter; he builds houses. Your father don't do anything, does he?

BOBBY THICKNECK.—He's a Democratic office-holder, but he ain't worked much at it lately.

#### HIS USEFULNESS WAS GONE.

TOURIST.—Where is the hermit who occupied a cave in the mountain last year?

NATIVE.—Well, ye see he got to playin' billiards fur the drinks at the hotel too often, an' they had to fire him.



#### SHOCKING.

"Doctor, don't you think surf-bathing gives weak people a serious shock?"

"Possibly, the first time they—er—see it."

#### A TRUE PATRIOT.

PHILANTHROPIST.—Ah! my friend, if you had been industrious and saving you might have been a wealthy man.

HUNGRY HANK.—Wot yer take me fur? Don't ye know dat dese here 'cumulations uv wealth is endangerin' the Republic?

#### THE FABLE OF THE DOG AND THE POLICE.

Once upon a time there lived a Dog, who was bemoaning himself.

"And yet it is n't altogether my fault!" he exclaimed, at last; "that when I am mad I go and get half shot."

This fable teaches that even in those days it was usual to blame the Police for pretty much everything.

WHEN A MAN again meets a former love, he always finds some cause for self-congratulation.



#### A PRACTICAL EQUIVALENT.

ETHEL.—Did you say you could only be a sister to him?  
MAY.—I said I could only be a Summer fiancée to him.



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HER VIEW.

CHOLLY.—I bought that dawg in Paree. He undahstands evwy word I say to him in Fwench. Don't you think that's wondahful?

DOLLY (who has heard Cholly's French).—Beyond belief! He must be a mind-reader.

ALL THE OLD FAVORITES.

FRIEND.—Care to take in a minstrel show?

EDITOR OF COMIC PAPER.—No; my mail is a continuous minstrel show.

A BUSINESS HIT.

“Podgen's dairy is having great vogue just now.”

“What started it?”

“He has placarded his milk-wagons: ‘We Boil All the Water We Use.’”



VILLAGE GOSSIP.

MRS. HAYRAKE.—It's all true about the 'Squire. They took him away yesterday.

HIRAM HAYRAKE.—Puttin' him in a hospital, are they?

MRS. HAYRAKE.—Sanitarium, they call it. They're tryin' to cure him with the Keely motor.

THE LESSER.

As a general thing we let her reign,  
The lesser evil. Yes. For she,  
If reigning be denied to her,  
Won't do a thing but storm, you see!

AS HE UNDERSTOOD IT.

THE COUNT.—I have been invited to a tin wedding—

THE BARON.—Ah! The girl is being married for her money?

PASSED THE PAINFUL STAGE.

“Can you ride your bicycle yet?”

“Oh, yes! It seems just as easy now as it did before I began to learn.”

HIS PLAN.

“Don't you run away,” said the friend of the accused cashier. “Flight is confession.”

“Well,” said the cashier, “I guess I'll make a clean breast of it by taking the train for Canada.”

COULD N'T BE BETTER.

PLAYWRIGHT.—I have just finished a play for Fitzkorbet, the pugilist. What do you think would be an appropriate title for it?

FRIEND.—How would “A Scrap of Paper” do?

HIS PHILOSOPHICAL OBSERVATION.

“One swallow does n't make a Summer,” mused the Sage of Kohack, as he smacked his lips ruefully after engulfing an able-bodied dose of his favorite dyspepsia remedy, one of the chief ingredients of which was capsicum; “but one sup of this confounded stuff warms a fellow up till he feels as if he'd swallowed about a quarter of an hour of the hottest Fourth of July on record.”



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BOTH IN SEARCH OF INFORMATION.

IKEY.—Who vos it dot said “peeness is peeness?”

HIS FATHER.—I don't know, Ikey. I would like to know who efer said it vosn't.



LOVE'S POWER.

WILLY.—Say, Auntie, what did Uncle Bob marry you for?

AUNT.—Why, for love, of course!

WILLY (meditatively).—H'm! Love will make a man do almost anything, won't it, Auntie?

## RELIEVING HER PERPLEXITY.



HE HAD found the newspaper account of the great mill to be beyond her ken.

All that she could manage was to gather that after a series of hotly contested rounds the pugilist who won did so by hitting the hardest.

She read how at a certain critical period in the combat a "knock-out" blow had inflicted dire physical discomfiture and acute mental agony upon the pugilist who lost.

But she could not figure out precisely the why and wherefore of the exact causes which produced the paralyzing effects of that blow. The categoric explanation of just how it got in its superfine work she could not follow.

For all her inability to grasp the technicalities of the newspaper report she was still bound to read it, because "everybody" reads about great slugging matches, and she must keep up to date.

With a sigh she dropped the paper on the floor, and bethought her of how she would, upon her husband's return that evening, seek from him enlightenment. Of course, he would know, and make every intricate point clear as day.

But light was to break in upon her sooner than she expected.

C. E. Taylor

C. E. Taylor

To her entered a visitor — her guide, philosopher and friend, Mrs. Malaprop.

"My dear," said that lady, blandly, "how could you comprehend such things? The blow from McStinger, which annihilated O'Blowhard, was delivered upon the solar perplexus."

And then, a whole load lifted from her bosom, she invited Mrs. Malaprop to join her in afternoon tea.

## WHAT HE WAS ANXIOUS ABOUT.

BICYCLE POLICEMAN.—It's foolish, young man. This'll cost you ten dollars, I suppose.

CAPTURED SCORCHER (anxiously).—Do you think, if I went into training, I could do a mile in two-thirty?

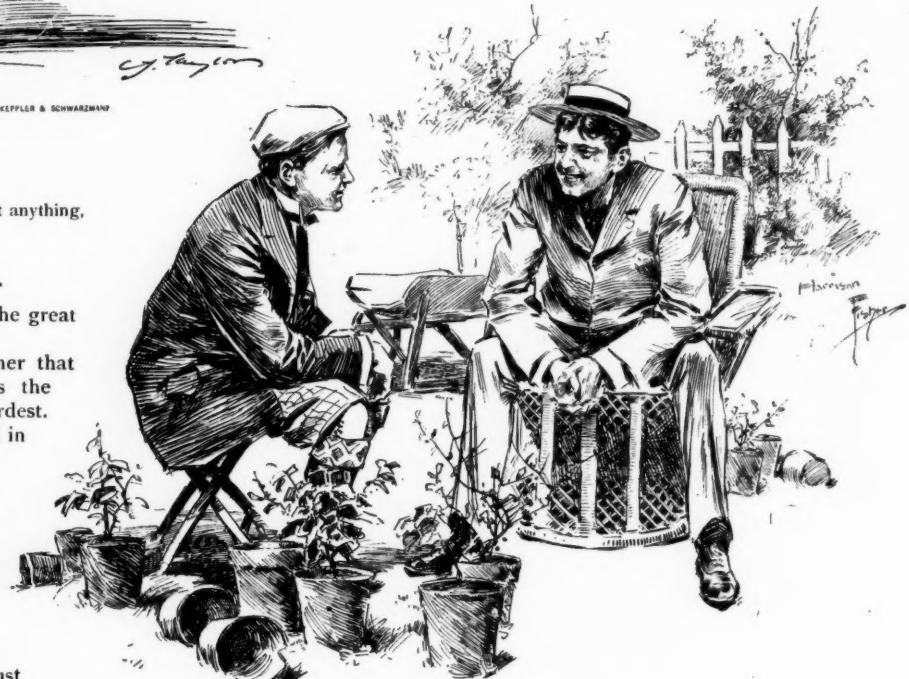
## IN NEW JERSEY.

FARMER.—Oh, yes! I've seen crop-destroyin' bugs around here that eat up everything.

BOARDER.—Well, it's a good thing the mosquitos prefer the natives to the crops!

IT IS not so hard to be wrong as it is to know that the other fellow is right.

JUST AS soon as some people can make enough money to live comfortably, they want to live stylishly.



Harrison Fisher

## QUITE EVIDENT.

CLEVERTON.—Miss Brisk has thrown Jack Shooksmith overboard.

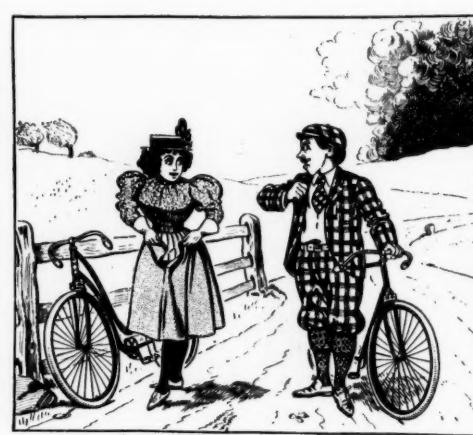
ASKINS.—How do you know?

CLEVERTON.—Why, when I asked him, last night, how the affair was progressing, he told me it was none of my d—d business!

## EASILY ARRANGED.



GEORGE.—Good gracious, Clara! here comes an awful shower up. There is no shelter for three miles, and you have only that thin shirt-waist on. Dismount and put on my coat.



CLARA.—Put on *your* coat and have *you* get wet to your skin? No, indeed, George, dear! Just wait one minute and I'll fix it.



CLARA.—Yes; and this skirt is waterproof, too.

## PUCK'S MONOLOGUES.

*Addressed by MRS. CHECKERBERRY to the NEW BOARDER.*

"No, INDEED! I don't take boarders because I'm obliged to. Thank heaven, although I am a widow, I was left well provided for. I was reared in luxury, and, until I left home, never had to turn a hand for myself. My father kept as many as twenty or thirty servants to wait on me. He had a Summer hotel in the Catskills, and the way I come to make acquaintance with Mr. Checkerberry was his coming up there to board for the month of



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## ECONOMY OF SPACE.

MR. HARDACRE (*in city saloon*). — I'll be gol darned ef I'd like ter live in a place where they have to economize space that way!

CITY RELATIVE. — In what way?

MR. HARDACRE. — Why, just look where they have to put their windmills!

August. He was a traveling man in those days, and had all the elegant airs and graces that drummers always have — just the sort of man to win the heart of a romantic young girl like me, for I was dreadful romantic and sentimental when I was a young girl. Oh, dear! how time does fly, to be sure! The first time Mr. Checkerberry ever said marry to me, I up and smacked him across the face with a hot plate I happened to have in my hand — I was that shy and bashful.

"Yes; those *are* pretty forks, the fine, old stock, and all genuine. My boarders presented them to me three years ago come Christmas, and the platting ain't all wore off yet. I've had several chances to marry since I took this house, but I could n't think of giving up my independence. Mr. Cohen, who had my parlor floor two years ago, was n't happy out of my sight, and a perfect gentleman he was, too; of a high-toned, old Southern family. He got full one night — gentlemen *will*, you know — and had the impudence to put his arm around me and call me his ducky, ducky darling. The very idea! I never could bear the sight of that man after that, though he paid me twenty dollars a week and had his breakfast in his room for three dollars more, and was a perfect gentleman into the bargain, and he is now off on the road traveling for the largest clothing house in the world.

"Then there was Mr. Brownell — that's his picture hanging on the wall over there — he said I was all that the heart could desire; but he used to get behind in



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## QUITE THE THING.

FANCY FRITTERS. — You are a disgrace ter de perfession, dat's wot you are — goin' around in a *bathin' suit* — an' a *woman's bathin' suit* at dat!

SANDY SHUFFLER. — Huh! I'm an *ornament* to de perfession, yer mean! Ver don't seem ter realize dat a *woman's bathin' suit* is de only article in de world dat's never allowed ter touch water!

his rent, and somehow I soured on him, though he had a lovely tenor voice, and could sing 'Some Day, Some Day,' in *recherche* style.

"Well, Eliza, what is it you want?"

VOICE. —

"Well, what do you want fifteen cents fer? Speak right out! Don't be afraid!"

VOICE. — Please, Mum, we've got to get some chicory to put in the coffee.

*J. L. Ford.*



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## A DOUBLE REASON.

RUTH. — I understand Percy Highlife has stopped trying to trace back his family tree. I suppose the further back he went the harder it got?

FREDDY. — Yes; — and the further back he went the harder his ancestors got, too.



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## UNBEARABLE DISAPPOINTMENT.

DEPUTY SHERIFF.—I had an awful time getting her away from the mob — they wanted to lynch her when they first discovered the crime, — she had dressed up to look like a man, you know, and —

CITIZEN.—And they were disappointed of their prey?

DEPUTY SHERIFF.—Yes; that was why they wanted to lynch her; — it was a mob of women at a Summer resort — she had dressed up to look like a man.

## PRISONERS OF PLEASURE.

AMONG THE chimney pots I dwell  
In a chamber seven by six,  
The favorite haunt of all winged  
things

That lodge in the chimney bricks.  
And in one corner stands a cot  
That droppeth slats by night;  
Yea, when the last one falls I wot  
That the sun must be in sight.

From my eyrie high a spacious view  
Spreads out before my sight  
Of roofs and clothes lines, not a few  
Most gaudily bedight.  
I know in distance beams the blue  
Of the restless Summer sea,  
But only the searching scent of glue  
Is wafted unto me.

Others there be that share my plight  
And a hungry horde are they.  
Woe! thrice woe! to the laggard  
wight  
Who at dinner doth delay.  
For him there is nor meat nor drink  
Save a crust or an egg blasé,  
To which the feast of the Barmecide  
Was a gluttonous display.

Yet we never murmur if tea be thin  
Or the milk of heavenly hue,  
Nay, each assumes a gracious grin  
As if joys were ever new.  
Why do we bide like prisoners here?  
We have done no crime, not we!  
We've come to enjoy the sweet of the year  
In a hotel by the sea!

E. D. Pierson.



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## DURING THE COLLEGE VACATION.

How Farmer Woodlot makes use of his son's wheeling proclivities, with the aid of a couple of log-chains and a piece of strong cord.

## A PECULIAR EXPERIENCE.

"By the way," remarked the returned globe-trotter, cheerily; "I had a rather peculiar experience while in Egypt. After toiling wearily up to the apex of the largest pyramid, I came face to face with a man who had climbed up from the opposite side. Of course we became quite friendly and exchanged confidences; and, imagine my surprise at discovering that this lone stranger, whom I had met for the first time on the summit of an Egyptian pyramid, bore the same name, letter for letter, as myself."

"It was indeed surprising," replied the casual acquaintance, to whom the traveler was relating the reminiscence. "By the by, pardon me for asking your name? We have never been introduced, you know."

"My name," returned the globe-trotter, "is John Smith."

## FACETIOUSLY INTENDED.

"One of Mack's bridal presents was a lawn-mower, and it made him furious."

"Furious? He ought to have been pleased."

"No; you see, he married a grass widow."

## A REPULSE.

THE CANVASSER.—No household, Madam, should be without this book—

SHE.—Don't be castin' insinuations on this household! G'lang!



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## SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT.

ROSE.—Harry is a freshman, is n't he?

MAY.—No; he's a fresh sophomore.

## A REASON.

BROWN.—Why do you consider old Selfmade a fool?

JONES.—Because he is willing to work as hard to make his second million as he did to make his first.

Said an old maid of Galveston, Tex.

"These girls wear men's clothes just to vex.

If they do not desist,

And these follies resist,

I fear they will shortly unsex."

## HIS STATUS.

INQUIRING DRUMMER.—What kind of a man is that fellow, Slicksmith?

SQUAM CORNERS MERCHANT.—Well, he is continually bragging that he is as honest as the day is long; but I'd advise all interested parties to keep an eye on him during the night.

## THE PRODIGAL.

When the prodigal came back from his tour awhell around the then known world, his fatted calf at once arrested the attention of the elder son. "Would n't that kill you!" exclaimed the latter, poking the old man in the ribs.

It will be observed that this version varies the conventional order; such is the part of the higher criticism.

## HIS DEFINITION.

MRS. HORNBEAK.—What is golf, Ezry?

FARMER HORNBEAK.—Billiards gone to grass.

## THE LEGITIMATE.

The melancholy Dane pressed his hand to his brow. "I am the legitimate heir to the throne," he mused. "Even so; but who knows that ere the morrow I too shall not have gone into vaudeville? Ha, ha!"

However, it would be safe for the ghost to drop around on the following night.



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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

## SOME PASSING MARVELS.

OUR ENTERPRISING yellow journals apparently do not receive a tittle of the credit due them for their valuable services to science. Especially to the science of aerostatics. Gray-haired scientists and inventors who have devoted long lives to the study are constantly engaged in efforts to devise a flying machine that will fly. None of them has yet succeeded. Occasionally one has nearly succeeded, and then the scientific world has stood in reverent wonder while the remains of himself and his machine were collected from the territory he had sought to hover over; for, complete success would have meant a revolution which the wildest dreamer might not more than half suggest. But, while these earnest and studious men of science have been giving up their lives to the cause, the yellow journals have been turning out flying machines without the slightest effort, and not one of them has failed to fly, either. An examination of their files for the last two years discloses illustrations and detailed descriptions of 182 flying machines which have been perfected and thoroughly tested by their bright young yellow reporters. It has been a rare Sunday, indeed, when the issue of each has not contained an entirely new and practicable flying machine, which the photographer has caught as it soared a mile or two above the clouds. The invention and trial of flying machines, in fact, seems to have been the chief aim of the yellow journals. The flying machine article has outnumbered the one about "A Race of Men with Horses' Heads," "A Cat Brings Up a Litter of Canaries," "How to Poison a Person without Arousing Suspicion," "Kate Goose Spends a Night in a Folding Bed," and even the old and reliable "A Negro at Toxawoxie, La., Turning Slowly White." What puzzles and irritates the thinking mind is that these inventions should be ruthlessly destroyed after serving to illustrate a yellow journal pastel. Is it right to fill the upper regions with flying machines without letting

the scientific world into the secret more promptly? And are these journals the engines of civilization they boast of being, so long as they continue to destroy the priceless models week after week? We don't expect to see the sea-serpents of which they show us pictures, because sea-serpents probably don't keep long, out of water; but the yellow journal flying machine is so numerous that it ought to be called down.

## TOO MUCH FRIENDS.

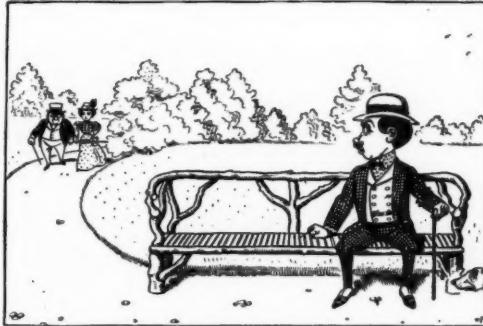
FORMER TARIFF BILLS have found their severest critics in the ranks of the opposite party. It is the distinction of the present bill that it has been denounced nowhere more harshly than in Republican circles. From which it would seem to be a very bad bill, indeed. There is no abler or more respected defender of Protection in the country than the Philadelphia *Ledger*. Yet it has fought the bill bitterly and persistently during the last two months, and has lately printed as harsh denunciations of it as the most rabid Democrat would care to read. We must regretfully admit the suspicion that its change of front is not due to a change of heart, but to the adverse bearing of the bill upon the carpet and shoe industries which are centered in Philadelphia. It is simply a case of an entirely new ox being gored, and that, of course, makes a difference; but this need not blunt the points of the *Ledger's* shafts against the bill, and Democratic editors will find in its columns very good Democratic editorials.

After showing that the bill will surely not produce the required amount of revenue, the *Ledger* remarks that it "is not much better as a scheme of Protection than as a revenue producer. Where it provides additional revenue in one direction it shuts our manufacturers out from foreign markets which they were beginning to invade to the great advantage of the industries of this country. The tax on hides is liable to cripple the leather and shoe industries for the benefit of the Cattle Trust, and the heavy tax on third-class wool will cripple the greatest carpet manufactories in the world without benefiting anybody, for our wool-growers do not produce this kind of wool."

As for the corruption which has marked the progress of the bill, and its injustice to the tax-payer, the *Ledger* is equally frank. While the people still favor a protective tariff, it believes, "it does not follow that they are satisfied to have the protected industries write their own figures in the schedule." In framing the present bill, it fears, "the controlling desire has been to provide for local interests with little regard for the needs of the revenue, and with an almost entire elimination of the consumer as a factor." "Entire elimination of the consumer as a factor" is a polite but unmistakable way of asserting that the bill robs the consumer to pay the debts of the Republican party. "But the consumer has a vote, and there are more consumers than protected interests," the *Ledger* sagaciously concludes. And, we may add, the consumer will not be long in coming to his senses if the truth about Protection in its practical workings continues to be told in the house of its friends.

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## AN ASSISTED FLIRTATION.



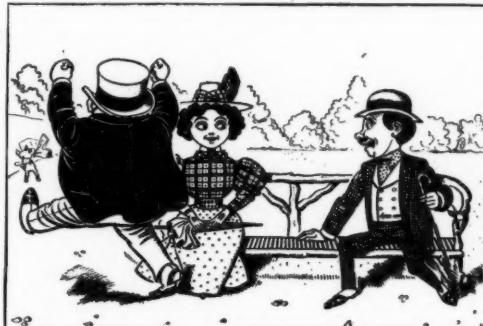
HUGGARD. — Ah! here comes that little beauty who made eyes at me the other day. But, confound it all, she has a man with her — must be her father!



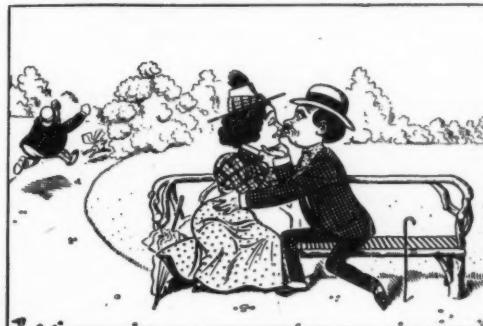
HUGGARD. — Well, this settles my hash! He keeps his eagle eye on me, and I don't even get a chance glance at her.



THE LITTLE BEAUTY'S PARENT. — O pshaw! There goes my paper.



THE LITTLE BEAUTY'S PARENT. — And, confound it all, that dog has got it and is running away!



THE LITTLE BEAUTY'S PARENT. — Hi! Hi! Stop there, you cur!



THE LITTLE BEAUTY'S PARENT (resuming his seat). — Young man, these little things are very annoying. I wonder why they happen? HUGGARD. — Oh, they always happen for the best!



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CROWNING THE AB

PUCK.



## AUNT HANNAH'S APOLOGIES.



"YOU MUST get to the country, out in the fresh air," said the doctor, after he had assured me that the pain in the pit of my stomach was not due to a disarranged heart.

"Yes, you must go to the country," said my dear little wife, always solicitous for my health and happiness. My aunts and uncles and parents on both sides of the family took up the refrain, "You must get to the country," until the words rang through my head with such incessancy that I forgot the pain in the pit of my stomach.

"Aunt Hannah's is the very place," said my wife. "Yes; Aunt Hannah's is the very place," echoed

my aunts and uncles and parents on both sides of the family. The neighbors, not being acquainted with Aunt Hannah, could give no direct testimony, but they were free to express the belief that Aunt Hannah's was probably the *very* place.

So, after a telegram had been sent to Aunt Hannah, I was bundled up with my predigested foods, tonics, digesters, hot-water bags and liniments, hauled to the station, and shipped for Wagtown, twenty miles up country, with a haste indicating that some of the fresh air might escape before I could get there.

Aunt Hannah's hired man, a yellow horse and a spring wagon, were in waiting for me at Wagtown. We drove straight for Aunt Hannah's, and found that old woman togged out in her best, and wearing a white apron.

"Sake's alive!" said she, aghast; "is this little Henry Taggins? My! you're looking so sickly I would n't have known you from a corpse. Just you wait a few weeks, and I'll fetch you out all right!"

It was near twelve o'clock and Aunt Hannah explained that she had waited the meal a half-hour for me, so it might be "unfit."

"Now, you'll have to excuse this meal," she began, apologetically; "I did n't hear of your coming until ten o'clock, so you will have to take things as they come. Awful sorry, but I ain't got any fresh meat; the meat man comes on Wednesdays and Saturdays, you know. Here, let me help you to some of the chicken and ham and eggs. I'm real bored over the looks of things, but your comin' was so sudden like.

"Folks all well, eh? Well, I'm glad to hear that. Do have another biscuit! And here is some maple syrup that won't go bad. I don't know what's the matter with everything, but it seemed as if things just would n't cook right to-day.

"Oh, yes! we have had a smart of rain out here. Do let me help you to a sweet potato! Here is some raspberry preserves I put up. They did n't turn out just right, but perhaps you can eat them. Just help yourself to anything you see, for you are right at home. Do you eat honey? Well,



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## IN THE MUSEUM.

THE SWORD SWALLOWER.—So you're trainin' down yet, are you?

THE LIVING SKELETON.—Yes; I could get a fat job if I was a little thinner.



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## APPLYING HIS PRINCIPLES.

PATIENT.—I'm so glad I met you, Doctor! I thought of attending a hop at the hotel to-night — just one won't hurt me, will it — only one?

DOCTOR.—But, have n't I told you that excessive dancing has been the main cause of your ill-health?

PATIENT.—Yes; but as a homoeopath, surely you can't object to one dance?

help yourself. Let me give you some more gravy and dressing. Now, pass your glass and have more milk — that will put fat on your ribs. I am horribly ashamed of this shabby lay-out and the way everything has turned out. It looks as if I was n't hospitable; but, goodness knows, I



am glad to see you, for it is n't often we have a visitor from the city. Here, you are not eating a thing! You will never get strong by starving yourself. Have another piece of chicken? That's right! Now, take another egg; and over there is some watermelon preserves that will help you. Now, eat! — that's what you need to do. Sakes! we can't live without eating, even if it is poor-cooked victuals."

Three hours later all Wagtown was alive and astir. The town doctor came running down toward Aunt Hannah's. In Aunt Hannah's spare room lay a victim who might have been mistaken for a contortionist. It was thought that he was dying. The doctor felt the victim's pulse and repeated the time-worn, tiresome and stereotyped phrase:

"It's his liver; he needs rest."

"I knew it could n't have been anything he ate," spoke up Aunt Hannah. "I was n't expecting him and did n't have anything that could have hurt him. Law sakes! Doctor, there was nothing on the table that could hurt a child if it had eaten every bit of it. There was so little I was 'most ashamed to face him; but if he just gets up out of this, I'll cook up a few extra meals and get some strength into him. That's what he needs."



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## OFTEN THE CASE.

DOBSON.—She has lots of money, but she is so horribly ugly she could get no one to marry her but him.

HOBSON.—Ah! I see. *Her* face was his fortune.

## THE OLD FEUD REVIVED.

HAVERSTRAW.—Why do Duxter and Jiggersnook quarrel so since they became Theosophists? They used to be such great friends.

BILDAD.—So they were until they discovered that in their former incarnation one of them was Julius Cæsar and the other Brutus.

SINGULAR AS it may seem, the smooth person is not the one who is rubbed, but who rubs others the right way.

## TRUE TO HIS WORD.



PARSON WINTERGREEN (*severely*).—Look heah, Brudder Chilbone, I hopes dat de proximity ob dat dere field ob watermillions won't make yo' fergit your standin' in de chu'ch.

DEACON CHILBONE.—Dat's all right, Pahson,—dere won't none ob de membahs ob dis yere family put a foot on dat land dis Summer!

## THE YEAR OF THE THOUSAND YEARS.

There is not very much neighborliness among neighbors, nor much community of feeling in a community. In fact, people seem never to possess a common motive unless there is an earthquake, a hurricane, a dog-fight, or an impostor yelling extras on the next street after 9 P. M. Then people get out on their front porches and converse with as enthusiastic agreement as if they had all along held identical ideas on evolution, and did homage to one another's dressmakers and tailors.

## AN ILLUSTRATION.

TEACHER.—What is meant by "inconsistency?"

PUPIL.—That would be if a person was to ride one make of wheel this year and a different make next year.

## BAD FORM.

"Nature has no style about her."

"That's a bold criticism; what do you mean?"

"Look how for years and years she has made us gnaw green corn off the cob, just like our Simian ancestors!"

## A MODERN BLUE STOCKING.

She is a College Maid and knows full well Her 'ologies and 'isms—She can tell

Of pterodactyls, rhizopods, and such Unchristian, creepy, palaeozoic things; The moons of Jupiter, and Saturn's rings— And what she does n't know is not worth much.

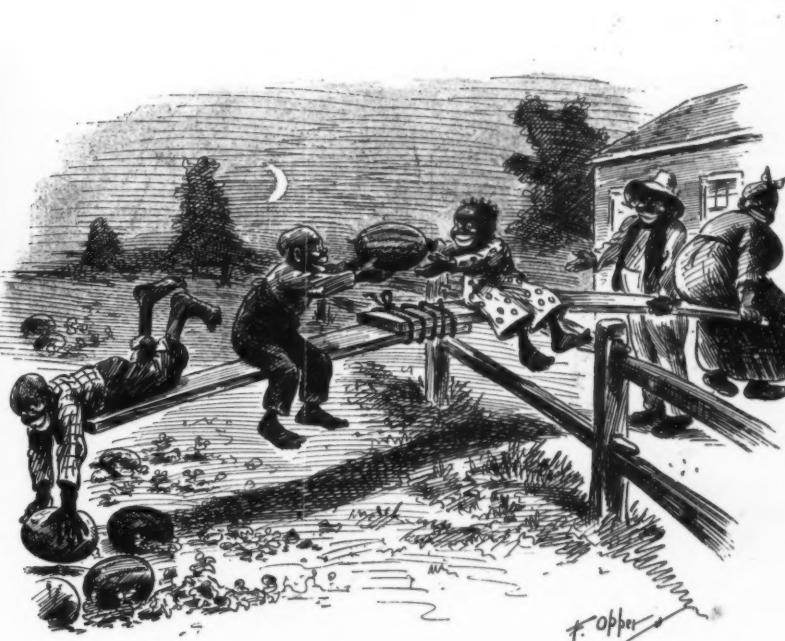
Her formulae and coefficients dry, Her chemical reactions, and her high And psychologic microcosm wise, Make me rejoice her clever head is gold, Her clever lips are red,—when all is told Her stockings are not bluer than her eyes.

Lawrence K. Russel.



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ANY MAN will get along if he gets started in the right direction; but the only way for some men seems to be down-hill.



DEACON CHILBONE (*about ten o'clock that evening*).—No, sah; we won't put a foot on dat land;—I promised de Pahson, an' I'se gwine to keep it, too!







**EVERY BODY WHO RIDES**

a Bicycle should have the  
Rubber Pedal Attachment.  
Changes Rat Trap to Rubber Pedals  
in ten seconds, without bolts or rivets. Sets of two mailed for 50c by  
ELASTIC TIP CO., 370 Atlantic  
Ave., Boston; 735 Market St., San  
Francisco; 115 Lake St., Chicago.  
Pat. Apr. 20, 1897.

**OPIUM HABIT DRUNKENNESS**  
Cured in 10 to 20 Days. No Pay till  
Cured. DR. J. L. STEPHENS, LEBANON, OHIO.

**ACCIDENTS AVOIDED.**  
RAILROAD EXAMINER.—Your eyes are  
all right; no color-blindness at all. Now I  
will test your sense of smell.

APPLICANT.—Smell, sir? What has  
that to do with a locomotive engineer?

“A great deal, my good man. We have  
found that engineers who have a too acute  
sense of smell are apt to run their trains at  
dangerous speed when passing through  
Chicago.”—*New York Weekly.*

The letter “R” don’t have to figure in the  
month you drink Cook’s Imperial Champagne.  
It’s extra dry and always good.

SHE.—I dreamt of the North Pole, last  
night.

HE.—Well, that’s all the explorers have  
done, so far.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

WE hear a great deal about the Lord  
loving cheerful givers. We wonder where  
he finds them.—*Atchison Globe.*

There’s all sorts of dyspepsia. Abbott’s Angostura  
Bitters will cure your sort. See that you take only  
Abbott’s—the original Angostura Bitters.

**FIXED PRICES.**

MRS. BUYALL.—How much did you pay  
for that kettle?

MRS. BUYNORE.—Twenty-five cents.

MRS. BUYALL.—Dear me! I can go  
down street to the five-cent store and buy  
exactly the same thing for fifteen cents.—  
*Roxbury Gazette.*

**THE...  
ADIRONDACK...**

**MOUNTAINS** Called in  
Old Times

“THE GREAT NORTH WOODS.”

A marvelous wilderness, abounding  
in beautiful lakes, rivers and brooks,  
filled with the greatest variety of fish.

An immense extent of primeval forest,  
where game of all kinds is to be  
found.

This wonderful region—located in  
Northern New York—is reached from  
Chicago by all lines in connection with  
the New York Central; from St. Louis  
by all lines in connection with the New  
York Central; from Cincinnati by all  
lines in connection with the New York  
Central; from Montreal by the New  
York Central; from Boston by a through  
car over the Boston & Albany, in connec-  
tion with the New York Central; from  
New York by the through car lines  
of the New York Central; from Buffalo  
and Niagara Falls by the New York  
Central.

A 32-page folder and map entitled “The Adirondack  
Mountains and How To Reach Them” sent free, post-  
paid, to any address, on receipt of a 1-cent stamp by  
George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York  
Central & Hudson River Railroad, Grand Central Station,  
New York.

# VIN MARIANI

MARIANI WINE—THE IDEAL FRENCH TONIC—FOR BODY AND BRAIN.

“VIN MARIANI IS THE MOST DELIGHTFUL AND EFFICACIOUS TONIC.”

EMMA EAMES.

Write to MARIANI & CO., for Descriptive Book, 75 PORTRAITS,  
PARIS: 41 Bd. Haussmann. 52 W. 15th ST., NEW YORK. Indorsements and Autographs of Celebrities.



## The Bicycle Sensation

1897 COLUMBIAS AT \$75.

Standard of the World.

1896 Columbias . . . . . at \$60.  
1897 Hartford . . . . . at 50.  
Hartford Pattern 2 . . . . . at 45.  
Hartford Pattern 1 . . . . . at 40.  
Hartford Patterns 5 and 6 . . . . at 30.

These are the new prices.  
They have set the whole  
bicycle world talking—  
and buying.

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

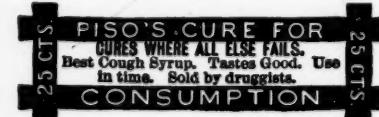
Catalogue free from any Columbia dealer;  
by mail for a 2-cent stamp.

## FIELD & FLOWERS

The Eugene Field Monument Souvenir

The most beautiful Art Production of the century. “A small bunch of the most fragrant of blossoms gathered from the broad acres of Eugene Field’s Farm of Love.” Contains a selection of the most beautiful of the poems of Eugene Field. Handsomely illustrated by thirty-five of the world’s greatest artists as their contribution to the Monument Fund. But for the noble contributions of the great artists this book could not have been manufactured for \$7.00. For sale at book stores, or sent prepaid on receipt of \$1.10. The love offering to the Child’s Poet Laureate, published by the Committee to create a fund to build the Monument and to care for the family of the beloved poet.

Eugene Field Monument Souvenir Fund,  
180 Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.



BETHEL MILITARY ACADEMY, VIRGINIA.—  
Value \$100,000. Located 56 miles from Washington in  
Northern Virginia. Prepares for advanced study and for business.  
Charges extremely low, remittance from 22 States.  
Address for illustrated catalogue.  
R. A. MCINTYRE, near Warrenton, Va.

**PROTRUDING** teeth spoil many  
faces that would  
otherwise be attractive. If afflicted, see  
JOHN H. WOODBURY, 127 W. 42d St., New York.  
122 Page Beauty Book for 2-cent stamp.

Henry Irving writes: “I am well convinced of  
the excellence and quality of Vin Mariani.”



A REVISED MAXIM.

EASTERNER.—But some of these people who are lynched may be innocent. The first principle of the law is that a man must be presumed to be innocent until he’s proved guilty.

WESTERNER.—My friend, the first principle of the law out here is that when a man’s lynched we presume he was guilty.

Never start on your Summer outing, whether to seashore, mountains or across the ocean, without a supply of Murray & Lanman’s Florida Water. It is a sprightly and refreshing perfume, and, when mingled with the water of the bath relieves lassitude, cools the smart of sun-burn, and counteracts tan.

Definition of the word

# "KODAK"

The Standard Dictionary says: "Kodak is an arbitrary word constructed for trade-mark purposes."

We originated and own this trademark. No camera is a "Kodak" unless manufactured by the Eastman Kodak Company.

Don't let the clerk sell you any other camera under the name of "Kodak."

If it isn't our make, it isn't a "Kodak."

BICYCLE KODAKS,  
\$5.00 to \$25.00. Booklet Free.

"You press the button,  
We do the rest."

\$2,853.00 in Prizes for  
Kodak Pictures.  
\$1,475.00 in Gold.  
Send for "Prize Contest" Circular.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.  
Rochester, N. Y.

My Patent Covers for Filing PUCK are

## SIMPLE, STRONG, and EASILY

used. They preserve the copies in perfect shape. If PUCK is worth buying, it is worth preserving. Price, 75 cents each; by mail, \$1.00. U. S. Postage Stamps taken.

Address: H. WIMMEL,  
39 East Houston St., N. Y.

HAD BEEN DUCK SHOOTING.

MRS. BLINKS.—See here, Mr. B., I thought you said you had been duck shooting.

MR. BLINKS.—Yes, m' dear, been duck (hic) shooting.

"But these ducks you brought home are tame ducks."

"Y-e-s, m' dear; I tamed 'em after I (hic) shot 'em." —New York Weekly.

THE TEST OF SPEED.

"There's nothing slow about Rusty, is there?"

"Did he ever owe you any money?" —Detroit Free Press.

HE.—Have you any relatives living near here?

SHE.—Yes; but they're all distant relatives. —Yonkers Statesman.



Sozodont

offers three virtues linked in one:

FRAGRANT,  
CLEANSING,  
PRESERVING

Properties.

Liquid and powder in the same package.  
HALL & RUCKEL  
NEW YORK Proprietors LONDON  
A sample of Sozodont and Sozoderma  
Soap for the postage, 2 cents.

SHE.—I begin to believe you think more of your bicycle than you do of me.

HE.—Why, certainly; that goes without saying. —Yonkers Statesman.

A GOOD many women enjoy telling how they were once so sick that the doctor gave them up. —Washington Democrat.

THE hen with one chicken makes more fuss than the hen with a dozen. —West Union Gazette.

WHEN a day or a baseball game starts out wrong, it is hard to recover. —Atchison Globe.

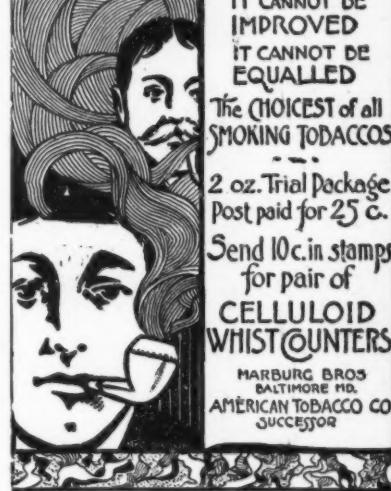
A LEAN man and a fat woman have a right to cast anxious glances at each other. —Adams Freeman.

# A GENTLE MAN'S SMOKE YALE MIXTURE

IT CANNOT BE IMPROVED  
IT CANNOT BE EQUALLED  
The CHOICEST of all SMOKING TOBACCO

2 oz. Trial Package Post paid for 25 c.  
Send 10c. in stamps for pair of  
CELLULOID WHISTCOUNTERS

MARBURG BROS.  
BALTIMORE MD.  
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.  
SUCCESSOR



THE prize-fight is a mighty mill,  
But costs much more, 't is clearly shown;  
For water runs the most of mills,  
A prize-fight runs by gas alone.  
—Princeton Tiger.



## State Seal Champagne

It's folly to buy foreign vintages when State Seal—the finest American production—can be had at half the cost, and is their superior in delicate bouquet and flavor.  
If your Grocer or Wine Merchant does not keep it, write the  
EMPIRE STATE WINE CO., —Penn Yan, N. Y.

## No Sediment in Evans' Ale.



The safest drink at all times.  
Always the same wherever you get it;  
hence the best to drink when traveling.

At all Summer Resorts.

### The Opium and Morphine Habit.

Dr. J. L. Stephens, of Lebanon, Ohio, has issued an attractive little book, entitled, "WHAT WE MAY DO TO BE SAVED," touching the treatment and cure of the Opium and Morphine Habit. It contains much valuable information relative to the effects of these drugs, and points out the certain means of a swift and bona fide cure. This little book should be in the hands of every one addicted to the use of Opium or Morphine.

### EVEN EXCHANGE.

"Thank you," said the lady to the man who gave her his seat in the street-car.

"You surprise me," replied the man.

"How do you mean?"

"By that 'thank you.' "

She smiled.

"I could n't have surprised you more than you surprised me by offering me your seat."

The stand-off was thus completed.  
—Detroit Free Press.

### A CLOCK TO ORDER.

VISITOR.—I understand that you have a new phonograph clock, which speaks the hours, instead of striking them; and for an alarm it shouts "get up," etc., in a loud voice.

MR. EDISON.—It is a great success.

"Well, I want one; but instead of saying 'Get up!' when rising time comes, I want it to yell 'Fire!' 'Murder!' 'Thieves!' etc. You see, it's for the servant girl.—New York Weekly.

PRESIDENT.—The Fourth of July will soon be upon us. Can the Committee on Fireworks make any report?

CHAIRMAN STEM.—No.

COUNCILMAN MAGUIRE.—Thin I move the committee be discharged at once; sure it's only a "sisser." —Harper's Bazaar.



EVEN the cradle of the deep has its squall.—Adams Freeman.

Arnold  
Constable & Co.

LADIES'  
FURNISHINGS.

SHIRT WAISTS.

Dimity Wrappers. Batiste Corsets.

CAMBRIK UNDERWEAR.

Lawn Dressing Sacques.

BATHING SUITS.

Broadway & 19th St.

NEW YORK.

THE soda fountains are getting down to fizzness.—West Union Gazette.

## Pickings from Duck



No. 24

OF

## Pickings from PUCK

has just been issued. For the modest sum of Twenty-five Cents you can buy it of any Newsdealer.

On receipt of that amount in United States Postage Stamps or Silver, the Publishers will mail a copy, post-paid to Any Address in the United States, Mexico or Canada.

Address: PUCK, New York.

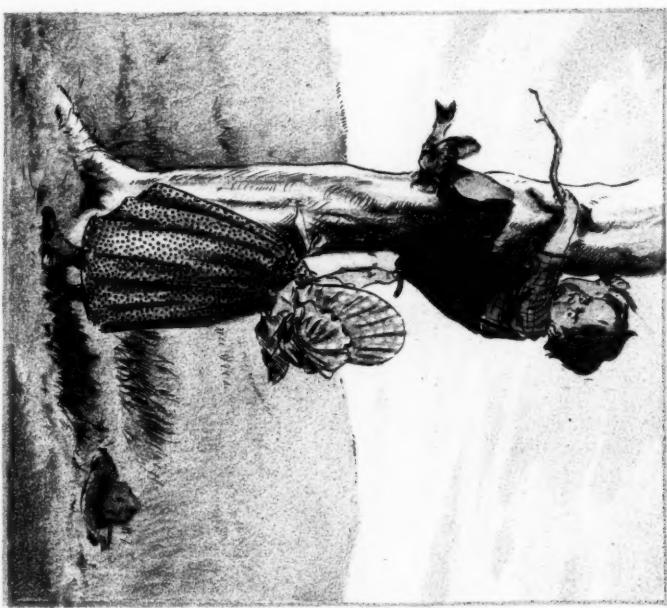
Price, 25 cts.



JIMMY (*excitedly*). — See dem two holes up dere? Dem's woodpeckers' nests, chuck full uv eggs. I'll get 'em if it kills me!

AMELIA (*tremulously*). — O Chimmy! don't go up—perhaps—

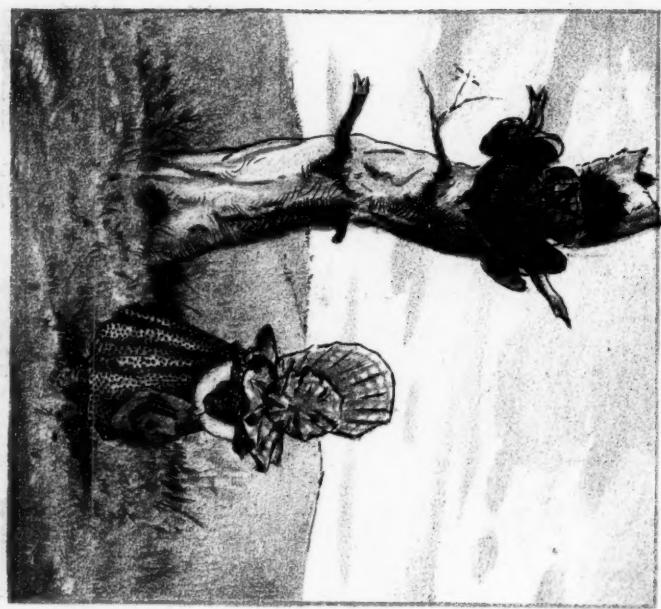
JIMMY. — Oh, shut up! — dat's jest like you women—always tryin' ter discourage a feller!



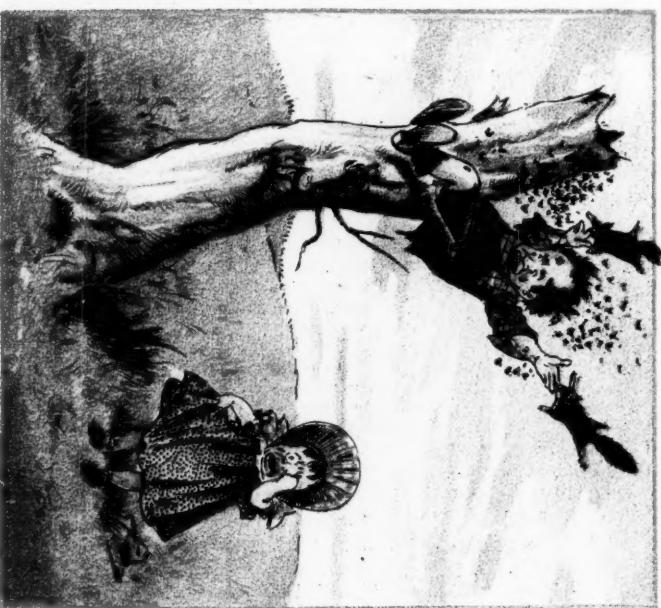
"Hurry up and get me pants loose, will yer! Ef it was n't fer you I'd been up dere by dis time— but dat's always de way wit you women— slower n' mersakes!



"Dere you go again! Standing right straight under me so 's de limb would break and I'd fall on yer—dat's a woman all over—always doing t'ings wrong!



"Dat's right—stand dere looking—I s'pose even if I get into dis hole you'll want ter claim all de credit—yer would n't be a woman if yer did n't.



"Ouch! Flyin' squirrels in one hole, and bumble bees in de odder— Oh, lord! — climb up here and pull dem off me fingers!



"Oh, well! — dat's wot a feller gets fer associatin' wit women— always gettin' a feller inter trouble— but it serves me right— it serves me right fer listenin' to yer in de first place!"